

P S A L M S  
AND  
H Y M N S,  
FOR THE USE OF THE  
*MAGDALEN-CHARITY,*  
1797.

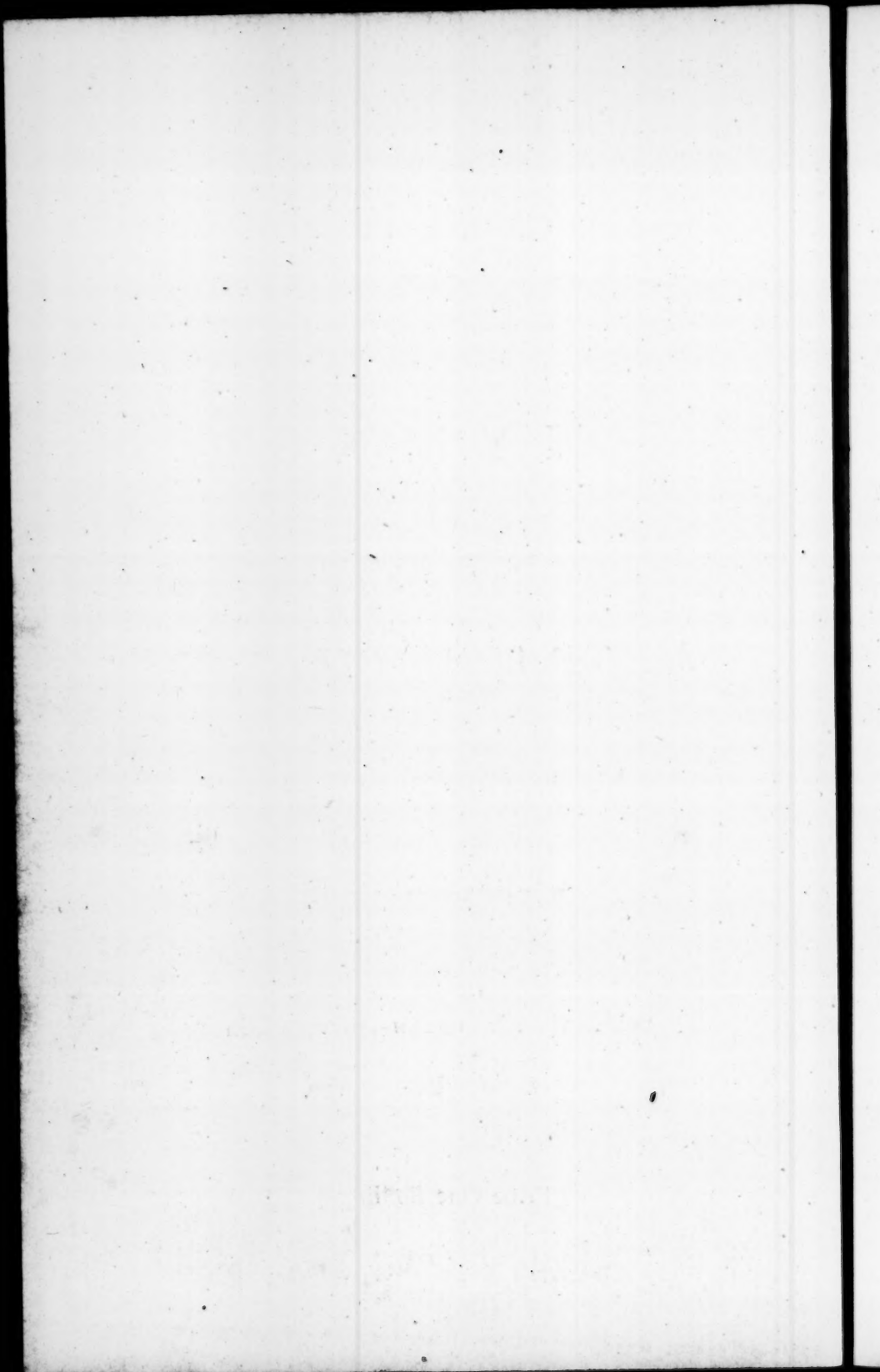
---

Sold at the MAGDALEN-HOSPITAL, in

St. George's Road, Surrey.

---

[Price One Shilling.]



SELECT PORTIONS  
OF  
*P S A L M S*,  
FOR THE  
USE OF THE MAGDALEN CHAPEL.

---

P S A L M V.

LORD, hearken to thy suppliants' voice,  
Accept their humble pray'r;  
To thee alone, our King, our God,  
Do we for help repair.

Thou in the morn shalt be address'd;  
Yea, with the dawning day,  
To thee devoutly we'll look up,  
To thee devoutly pray.

Forgive us, gracious Lord, our sins,  
Guard us 'gainst ev'ry foe;  
Teach us thy laws; make plain the way,  
Wherein we ought to go.

Then, with all those who trust in thee,  
Shall we our joy proclaim;  
We will return our daily thanks,  
And bless thy holy Name.

P S A L M VIII.

**I**MMORTAL King! thro' earth's wide frame,  
How great thy honour, praise and name;  
Whose reign o'er distant worlds extends,  
Whose glory heav'n's vast height transcends!

When rapt in thought, with wakeful eye,  
I view the wonders of the sky,  
Whose frame thy fingers o'er our head  
In rich magnificence have spread;

Lord! what is man, that in thy care,  
His humble lot should find a share;  
Or, what the son of man, that thou,  
Thus to his wants thy ear should bow?

Immortal King! thro' earth's wide frame,  
How great thy honour, praise and name!  
Thy reign o'er distant worlds extends,  
Thy glory heav'n's vast height transcends!



P S A L M IX.

**T**O celebrate thy praise, O Lord,  
We will our hearts prepare ;  
To all the list'ning world thy works,  
Thy wond'rous works, declare.

Thou shalt for ever live, who hast  
A righteous throne prepar'd,  
Impartial justice to dispense,  
To punish or reward.

Thou art a constant, sure defence,  
Against oppressing rage ;  
When troubles rise, thy needful aid  
In our behalf engage.

All those, who have thy goodness prov'd,  
Will in thy truth confide ;  
Thy mercy ne'er forsook the man,  
Who on thy help rely'd.

Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,  
From Sion, his abode ;  
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world  
Confess no other God.

## P S A L M XIX.

THE spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue, ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,  
 Their great original proclaim.  
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
 Does his Creator's pow'r display,  
 And publishes to ev'ry land  
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,  
 And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,  
 Repeats the story of her birth;  
 Whilst all the stars, that round her burn,  
 And all the planets, in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What, though in solemn silence all  
 Move round this dark, terrestrial ball;  
 What, though nor real voice nor sound  
 Amid their radiant orbs be found;  
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice,  
 For ever singing, as they shine,  
 "The hand that made us is divine!"

## P S A L M XX.

**M**AY he, whom heav'n and earth obey,  
 Regard thee in the dreadful day !  
 May Jacob's Lord above thy head  
 His own victorious banner spread !

May he, from out his hallow'd shrine,  
 Reach to thy aid his hand divine;  
 And strength into thy soul instil,  
 From beauteous Sion's favour'd hill !

May he thy ev'ry wish approve ;  
 May he, indulgent from above,  
 His wonted benefits impart, \  
 And grant the wishes of thine heart !

May he in dangers intervene,  
 While we, his great salvation seen,  
 Assist thy joy, thy triumphs share,  
 And bless the God who hears thy prayer !

O, when we praise, and when we pray,  
 Do thou, whom heav'n and earth obey,  
 Accept the praise, confirm the pray'r,  
 And make our safety still thy care !

## P S A L M XXII.

**Y**E, worshippers of Jacob's God,  
 All ye of Isr'el's line,  
 O praise the Lord, and to your praise  
 Sincere obedience join.

He ne'er disdains on low distress  
 To cast a gracious eye;  
 Nor turns from poverty his face,  
 But hears its humble cry.

'Tis he, and only he, supreme  
 O'er subject kings can reign;  
 'Tis just that he should rule the world,  
 Who does the world sustain.

The rich, who are with plenty fed,  
 His bounty must confess;  
 The sons of want, by him reliev'd,  
 Their gen'rous patron bless.

With humble worship to his throne  
 They all for aid resort;  
 That pow'r, which first their being gave,  
 Can only give support.

O may a chosen, spotless race,  
 Devoted to his name,  
 To future ages tell his truth,  
 His glorious acts proclaim !

## P S A L M XXIII.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
 His presence shall my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
 My noonday walks he shall attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
 My weary, wand'ring steps he leads ;  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;  
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
 Thy bounties shall my pains beguile,  
 The barren wilderness shall smile,  
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
 And streams shall murmur all around.

P S A L M XXV.

**T**O God, in whom I trust,  
I lift my heart and voice ;  
O let me not be put to shame,  
Nor let my foes rejoice.

And, for thy goodness' sake,  
In mercy think on me :  
May all my crimes, my youthful crimes,  
Be blotted out by thee.

Do thou, with tender love,  
My sad affliction see :  
Take pity, Lord, and from my guilt,  
Thou, Saviour, set me free.

Let all I here have learn'd  
To full perfection rise :  
On thee my firm, my steadfast hope,  
On thee alone relies.

P S A L M XXXIV.

**T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,  
'Till all, who are distrest,  
From my example comfort take,  
And calm their grief to rest.

O make but trial of his love !  
Experience will decide,  
How blest they are, and only they,  
Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye saints, and ye will then  
Have nothing else to fear ;  
Make ye his service your delight,  
Your wants shall be his care.

P S A L M XXXIX.

**T**O thee, great God, my knees I bend,  
To thee my daily pray'rs ascend:  
O let my sorrows reach thine ears,  
And mark my sighs, my groans, my tears.

O, how thy chastisements impair  
The human form, however fair!  
How frail the strongest frame we see,  
If thou the sinner's fate decree!

But O in thy appointed hour,  
Withdraw thy rod, lest nature's pow'r,  
While griefs on griefs my heart assail,  
Unequal to the conflict, fail.

O spare me, Lord, awhile O spare,  
And nature's sinking strength repair,  
Ere, life's short circuit wander'd o'er,  
I perish, and am seen no more.



P'S A L M XLI.

**B**LEST, who with gen'rous pity glows,  
Who learns to feel another's woes;  
Bows to the poor man's want his ear,  
And wipes the helpless orphan's tear;

Who to th' afflicted gives relief,  
And kindly soothes each anxious grief:  
In ev'ry want, in ev'ry woe,  
Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know.

Thy arm his life shall guard, thy hand  
Give to his lot the chosen land;  
Nor leave him in the dreadful day  
To unrelenting foes a prey.

When languid with disease and pain,  
Thou, Lord, his spirit wilt sustain,  
Thou wilt support his sinking head,  
And turn with tender care his bed.

P S A L M LI.

**H**AVE mercy, Lord, on me,  
As thou art ever kind ;  
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,  
Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash out my sad offence,  
And cleanse me from my sin ;  
For I confess my faults, and see  
How great my crime has been.

Against thee only, Lord,  
And only in thy sight,  
Have I transgress'd, and, tho' condemn'd,  
Must own thy judgments right.

Blot out my crying sins,  
Nor me in anger view ;  
Create in me a heart that's clean,  
And a right mind renew.

P S A L M LVII.

**O** GOD, my heart is fix'd, is bent  
Its thankful tribute to present ;  
And with my heart my voice I'll raise  
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Awake, my glory ;—harp and lute,  
No longer let your strings be mute ;  
And I, my tuneful part to take,  
Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound,  
To all the list'ning nations round :  
Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,  
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high ;  
And, as thy glory fills the sky,  
So let it be on earth display'd,  
'Till thou art here as there obey'd,

P S A L M LXVI.

**Y**E sons of men, in God rejoice ;  
Lift in one choir your thankful voice ;  
And spread thro' earth's extended frame  
The honour of your Maker's name.

Ye nations round assembled meet !  
Thus let your song his praise repeat ;  
Eternal ruler of the skies,  
How awful are thy works, how wise !

Each tribe of human race to thee  
Shall suppliant bend the humble knee ;  
Each tongue in pray'r and hymns shall join,  
And joyful praise the name divine.

Bless'd be my God, who, thron'd on high,  
Rejects not from his care my cry ;  
Nor, while afflictions round me rise,  
His mercy to my soul denies.

P S A L M LXXXVI.

**T**O my complaint, O Lord, my God,  
Thy gracious ear incline;  
Hear me distrest, and destitute  
Of all relief but thine.

Do thou, O God, preserve my soul,  
That does thy name adore:  
Thy servant keep, and him, whose trust  
Relies on thee, restore.

To me, who daily thee invoke,  
Thy mercy, Lord, extend;  
Heal thou my griefs, for all my hopes  
On thee alone depend.

Thou, Lord, art good; not only good,  
But prompt to pardon too;  
Of plenteous mercy to all those,  
Who for that mercy sue.

P S A L M XC:

**T**HEE, Lord, their dwelling, thee alone,  
From earliest age thy people own :  
Thee, Lord, with fullest confidence,  
They boast their refuge and defence.

Ere yet the mountains rose to birth,  
Ere yet their form the heav'n and earth  
Assum'd, thou, cloth'd in light divine,  
Hast shone, and shalt for ever shine.

Thou to the sons of human kind  
In short extension hast assign'd  
Their term, and bid them, at its end,  
Low to their native dust descend.

To thee, as yesterday, appears  
The prospect of a thousand years ;  
And ages roll'd successive on,  
Quick as the circling watch, are gone.

Teach us, kind Lord, O teach us, thou,  
To count life's moments as they flow,  
And, while its end our thoughts survey,  
By wisdom's line to guide our way :

And while, new scenes of hope to view  
Disclos'd, our labour we pursue,  
O may thy hand, with full success,  
That hope confirm, that labour bless !

P S A L M XCV.

**O** COME, loud anthems let us sing,  
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;  
For we our voices high should raise,  
When our salvation's rock we praise.

Into his presence let us haste,  
To thank him for his favours past;  
To him address, in joyful songs,  
The praise that to his name belongs.

O let us to his courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there;  
On bended knees devoutly all  
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

For he's our God, our shepherd he;  
His flock and pasture sheep are we;  
Then let us, like his flock, draw near,  
His gospel's sacred truth to hear.

P S A L M C.

**W**ITH one consent let all mankind  
To God their cheerful voices raise;  
Glad homage pay with heart and mind,  
And sing before him songs of praise.

Convinc'd that he is God alone,  
From whom both we and all proceed;  
We, whom he chooses for his own,  
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then his temple gate,  
Thence to his courts devoutly press;  
And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
And still his name with praises bless.

For he's the Lord, supremely good,  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth, which always firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure.



PSALM CII.

**M**Y soul, throughout thine inmost frame,  
Bless, bless the great Jehovah's name;  
Cease not with studious thought to trace  
The acts of his stupendous grace.

He blots from heav'n's record thy sin,  
And, though thy passions war within,  
Assuasive calms their furious strife,  
And rescues from the grave thy life.

If ere our trespass he chastise,  
Not to its weight proportion'd rise  
The just corrections of his hand,  
But bounded by his mercy stand.

What fondness for his infant care  
A father's bosom learns to share,  
Such from th' eternal monarch claim  
The souls that rev'rent own his name.

P S A L M CIV.

**B**LESS God, O my soul, rejoice in his name :  
O Lord, let my voice thy greatness proclaim ;  
Surpassing in honour, dominion and might,  
Thy throne is the heav'n, thy robe is the light.

The sky we behold a curtain display'd,  
The chambers of heav'n on waters are laid,  
The clouds are a chariot, thy glory to bear,  
On wings thou art wafted, thou ridest on air.

Thus, Lord, let me sing, thy glory to raise ;  
Delightful the strain, when tun'd to thy praise.  
The vile have their suff'rings, the just their reward :  
Bless God, O my spirit ; O praise ye the Lord.

P S A L M CVII.

**T**O God above from all below  
Let hymns of praise ascend ;  
Whose blessings shall for ever flow,  
Whose mercy knows no end.

But chief by those his name be blest,  
To whom his aid he gave ;  
Beheld them by the foe oppress'd,  
And reach'd his hand to save.

Behold them o'er the desert stray,  
A helpless, hopeless train ;  
Some city, where their steps to stay,  
They seek, but seek in vain.

Ah ! what shall cheer their fainting mind,  
Or what their woes assuage ;  
To thirst's afflictive pain consign'd,  
And famine's fiercest rage ?

Distress'd, to God they make their pray'r,  
He guides, directs their feet ;  
And, blest in his protecting care,  
They reach a safe retreat.

O then that all would bless his name,  
Whose mercy thus they prove ;  
And pleas'd from age to age proclaim  
The wonders of his love !

P S A L M CXIX.

**T**O me, O Lord, thy grace restore,  
That I again may live;  
My soul can relish no delight,  
But what thy precepts give.

In thy blest statutes let my heart  
Continue always sound;  
That guilt and shame, the sinner's lot,  
May never me confound.

My soul with long expectance hopes  
To see thy saving grace;  
And still on thy unerring word  
My confidence I place.

Thy wonted kindness, Lord, restore,  
To cheer my drooping heart;  
That from thy righteous statutes I  
May never more depart!

P S A L M CXXXVI.

**R**AISE your voice, and thankful sing  
Praises to our heav'nly king ;  
For his blessings far extend,  
And his mercy knows no end.

Be the Lord our only theme,  
Who of gods is God supreme :  
He, to whom all lords beside  
Bow the knee, and veil their pride :

Who asserts his just command  
By the wonders of his hand ;  
He, whose wisdom, thron'd on high,  
Built the mansions of the sky :

He, who bade the wat'ry deep  
Under earth's foundation sleep ;  
And the orbs, that gild the pole,  
Made thro' boundless space to roll :

On our sorrows, from on high,  
He with pity casts an eye ;  
When forlorn, he o'er our head  
Does the shield of comfort spread.

Raise your voice, and thankful sing  
Praises to our heav'nly king ;  
For his blessings far extend,  
And his mercy knows no end.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

**T**HOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known  
My rising up, and sitting down ;  
My secret thoughts are known to thee,  
Ere yet they have been form'd by me.

Within thy ruling pow'r I stand ;  
On ev'ry side I feel thy hand :  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I live supported by my God.

O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I walk, where'er I rest !  
Correct me, when I go astray,  
And guide me in thy perfect way.

P S A L M CXLV.

**T**HE Lord is just in all his ways,  
Thro' all his works his goodness shines;  
To all, that offer pray'r or praise,  
His ear in mercy he inclines.

Their ways eternal justice guides,  
Who ask his aid with hearts sincere;  
His mercy o'er their life presides,  
As sure to save, as swift to hear.

But, tho' on such as love his name  
These gifts of goodness he bestows,  
Still do the fruits of sin bring shame,  
Sure ruin falls on all his foes.

Yet who can tell his wond'rous deeds;  
So great, so manifold his ways!  
Their goodness all our thoughts exceeds;  
Their mercy let our voices praise.

P S A L M CXLVI.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;  
And, when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, while thought, while being last,  
And immortality is ours!

Thrice happy they, whose hopes rely  
On God.—'Twas he, who made the sky,  
And all the earth or seas contain:  
His truth for ever stands secure;  
He saves th' opprest; he feeds the poor;  
Yea, none e'er find his promise vain.

He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless;  
He to the pris'ner gives release;  
'Tis he to sight restores the blind;  
'Tis he supports the sinking mind,  
And gives the wounded conscience peace.

Then praise we him with ev'ry breath;  
And, when our voice is lost in death,  
May praise employ our nobler pow'rs;  
Our days of praise be never past,  
While life, while thought, while being last,  
And immortality is ours!



PSALM CXLIX.

29

**O** Praise ye the Lord,  
 Prepare your glad voice,  
 His praise in the joyful  
 Assembly to sing;  
 In our great Creator  
 Let Isr'el rejoice,  
 And children of Sion  
 Be glad in their King.  
 Let them his great name  
 Extol in the dance;  
 With timbrel and harp  
 His praises express,  
 Who always takes pleasure  
 His saints to advance,  
 And with his salvation  
 The humble to bless.  
 With glory adorn'd,  
 His people shall sing  
 To God, who their beds  
 With safety does shield;  
 Their mouths, fill'd with praises  
 Of him their great King,  
 Shall songs of thanksgiving  
 Triumphantly yield,  
 Thus shall they declare,  
 That sin to destroy,  
 And men to redeem,  
 The Son of God came.  
 Such honour and triumph  
 His saints shall enjoy;  
 O therefore for ever  
 Exalt his great name !

P S A L M CL.

**P**RAISE, O praise the name divine :  
Praise it at the hallow'd shrine :  
Let the firmament on high  
To it's Maker's praise reply.

Let his acts and pow'r supreme  
To our songs suggest a theme :  
Harp and lute, and timbrel bring;  
Wake to life each tuneful string.

Let the cymbal's varied sound  
From the vaulted roof rebound ;  
Swell the organ ; to his praise  
All the pow'rs of music raise.

All, who vital breath enjoy,  
In his praise that breath employ ;  
And in one great chorus join,  
Praise, O praise the name divine.

---

S E L E C T  
H Y M N S

FOR THE

*Use of the Magdalen Chapel.*

---

H Y M N I.

*For the MORNING.*

*By Bishop KENN.*

**A**WAKE, my soul, and, with the sun,  
Thy daily course of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Glory to God, who safe hath kept,  
And hath refresh'd me while I slept :  
Grant, Lord, that, when from death I wake,  
I may of endless bliss partake.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;  
Disperse my sins as morning-dew ;  
Guard ev'ry spring of thought and will,  
And with my heart be present still.

May all my converse be sincere ;  
My conscience as the noon-day clear ;  
For thy all-seeing eye surveys  
My secret thoughts, and all my ways.

Direct, control, suggest this day,  
All I shall do, or think, or say ;  
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,  
In thy sole service may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N II.

*For the EVENING.*

*By the same.*

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light:  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under thy own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear son,  
The ills which I this day have done;  
That, with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
With joy behold the judgment day!

Should death itself my sleep invade,  
Why should I be of death afraid?  
Protected by thy saving arm,  
Though he may strike, he cannot harm:

For death is life, and labour rest,  
If with thy gracious presence blest:  
Then welcome sleep or death to me,  
I'm still secure, for still with thee.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures, here below;  
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

H Y M N III.

*The CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.*

*By Mr. ADDISON.*

WHEN rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker face to face,  
Oh! how shall I appear!

If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought;

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
Oh! how shall I appear!

But thou hast told the troubled mind,  
Who does her sins lament,  
The timely tribute of her tears  
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,  
Ere yet it be too late,  
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,  
To give those sorrows weight;

For never shall my soul despair  
Her pardon to procure,  
Who knows thine only Son has died,  
To make that pardon sure.

H Y M N IV.

*On GRATITUDE.*

*By the same.*

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh ! how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my raptur'd heart  
But thou canst read it there.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renew'd my face ;  
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,  
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand, precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through ev'ry period of my life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue,  
And, after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.



H Y M N V.

FATHER of mercies, hear our pray'rs  
For those who do us good ;  
Whose love for us a place prepares,  
And kindly gives us food.

Each hand and heart, that lends us aid,  
Thou dost inspire and guide ;  
Nor is their bounty un-repaid,  
Who for the poor provide.

May all the pleasing pains they share  
Be crown'd with wish'd success ;  
The present age applaud their care,  
And future ages bless !

So shall the helpless, who remain  
Expos'd as we before,  
Increasing still our humble strain,  
With louder songs adore.



H Y M N VI.

*On the NEW YEAR.*

*By Dr. DODDRIDGE.*

HOW many kindred souls are fled  
To the vast regions of the dead,  
Since from this day the changing sun  
Thro' his last yearly period run !

We yet survive :—but who can say,  
Or “ thro' this year, or month, or day,  
“ I will retain this vital breath ;  
“ Thus far at least in league with death ? ”

That breath is thine, eternal God ;  
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode ;  
It holds its life from thee alone,  
On earth, or in the world unknown.

To thee our spirits we resign :  
Make them and own them still as thine :  
So shall they smile, secure from fear,  
Tho' death should blight the rising year :

H Y M N VII.

*For EASTER DAY.*

**J**ESUS Christ is ris'n to day—Hallelujah.  
Our triumphant holiday ;  
Who did once, upon the Cross,  
Suffer, to redeem our loss.

Hymns of praise then let us sing  
Unto Christ, our heav'nly king ;  
Who endur'd the Cross and grave,  
Sinners to redeem and save.

But the pains, which he endur'd,  
Our salvation have procur'd :  
Now he reigns triumphant king,  
Where the angels ever sing—Hallelujah.

## H Y M N VIII.

*For WHITSUNDAY.*

SINCE that bless'd Spirit, by whose aid  
 The world's foundations first were laid,  
 Is near to ev'ry pious mind,  
 And pours true joys on human kind ;  
 May God, through him, be our defence,  
 To us the gifts of Grace dispense,  
 Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire,  
 And warm our breasts with holy fire !

Feeble alas ! we are, and frail :  
 And, if our weakness should prevail,  
 Or our best thoughts be drawn astray,  
 Thy aid, when sought, will guide our way.  
 From sin and sorrow set us free,  
 And make us worthy heav'n to see ;  
 Chase from our minds the cause of woe,  
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow.

Then let us such bless'd truths receive ;  
 And prove how firmly we believe ;  
 And worship daily at God's throne,  
 And fix our trust on him alone !  
 Thus, with the blessed saints above,  
 May we partake of heav'nly love ;  
 And evermore our voices raise,  
 With joy to celebrate his praise !

H Y M N IX.

*For CHRISTMAS DAY.*

**H**ARK! the heav'nly angels sing  
Glory to the new-born king;  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconcil'd.

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumphs of the skies;  
With th' angelic host proclaim,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Hail, the heav'n-born prince of peace;  
Hail, the sun of righteousness!  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Ris'n with healing in his wings.

See, he lays his glory by,  
Born, that man no more may die;  
Born, to raise the sons of earth,  
Born, to give them second birth.

H Y M N X.

WRITTEN FOR THE

MAGDALEN CHARITY.

GLORY be to God, our king !  
Thine eternal love we sing :  
Thou hast bar'd thine arm divine,  
Wrought salvation, made us thine !

Wand'ring sheep, how far from home  
Sore bewilder'd did we roam !  
'Till the gracious shepherd came,  
Sought and sav'd !—O praise his name !

Warm'd with gratitude, we raise  
All our souls to sound thy praise :  
Touch each heart, each tongue inspire ;  
Sing we higher still, and high'r.

*Happy mansion !—ev'ry voice*  
In this bless'd retreat rejoice :  
Let each voice united sound,  
*" Be these walls with gladness crown'd " !*

Elevate our souls to thee !  
Thou our guide and guardian be :  
Worthy, worthy may we prove,  
Lord, of such distinguish'd love.

Humble, thankful, all our days,  
May we pray, rejoice, and praise,  
'Till the glorious trump shall sound,  
And our raptur'd hearts rebound !

H Y M N XI.

**G**RATEFUL notes and numbers bring,  
While Jehovah's praise we sing :  
Holy, holy, holy Lord !  
Be thy glorious name ador'd.

Men on earth, and saints above,  
Sing the great Redeemer's love :  
Lord, thy mercies never fail :  
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !

Tho' unworthy of thine ear,  
Hear our Hallelujahs, hear ;  
Purer praise we hope to bring,  
When with saints we rise to sing,

Lead us to that blissful state,  
Where thou reign'st supremely great ;  
Look with pity from thy throne,  
Send thy Holy Spirit down :

While on earth ordain'd to stay,  
Guide our footsteps in thy way ;  
'Till we come to live with thee,  
And thy glorious greatness see.

Then with angels we'll again  
Wake a louder, louder strain ;  
There, in joyful songs of praise,  
We'll our grateful voices raise :

There no tongue shall silent be ;  
All shall join sweet harmony ;  
That thro' heav'n's all spacious round  
Praise to God may ever sound !

H Y M N XII.

WRITTEN FOR THE

MAGDALEN CHARITY.

RISE, O my soul, the hours review,  
When, aw'd by guilt and fear,  
Thou durst not heav'n for mercy sue,  
Nor hope for pity here.

Dry'd are thy tears, thy griefs are fled,  
Dispell'd each bitter care;  
See, heav'n itself has lent its aid,  
To raise thee from despair.

Hear then, O God, thy work fulfil,  
And, from thy mercy's throne,  
Vouchsafe me strength to do thy will,  
And to resist my own.

So shall my soul each pow'r employ,  
Thy mercies to adore,  
While heav'n itself proclaims, with joy,  
"One pardon'd sinner more."



H Y M N XIII.

WRITTEN FOR THE

*MAGDALEN CHARITY.*

ALMIGHTY God, most merciful,  
These thanks unfeign'd, these vows receive;  
Thou, who, when bath'd in tears I lay,  
Didst hear my cries, and me relieve.

Great God, from all eternity,  
O may our pray'rs ascend to thee!

Plung'd deep in woe, of hope bereft,  
Destruction threaten'd me around;  
Remorse was mine, and black despair,  
And I no ray of comfort found.

Great God, &c.

For ever, O, recorded be  
The moment, when thy grace bestow'd,  
Thro' Christ, the sight of pard'ning love,  
And led me to this blest abode.

Great God, &c.

Since treading Virtue's sacred paths,  
Alone secures the mind's content,  
May the remainder of my days  
In serving thee be always spent!

Great God, &c.



H Y M N XIV.

WRITTEN FOR THE

*MAGDALEN CHARITY.*

O GOD of mercy ! hear our pray'r,  
Thy sinful creatures save ;  
Thy voice can raise us from despair,  
Triumphant from the grave.

In vanity's bewild'ring maze  
Our erring feet have stray'd,  
Far from Religion's peaceful ways,  
And far from Virtue's aid.

O Lord of life, thou Son divine,  
Our Saviour, heav'nly friend,  
To us thy pitying ear incline,  
To us thy grace extend.

Oh ! may thy spirit from above  
Descend, our guardian be,  
Correct our thoughts, our faith improve,  
And make us worthy thee !

H Y M N XV.

**T**HE bounty of Jehovah praise,  
Who heav'ns eternal sceptre sways ;  
Thanks to the Lord of lords be paid,  
Who all the tribes of being made :

For from the King of kings  
Eternal mercy springs.

O praise the God of gods on high,  
Whose wisdom form'd the vaulted sky,  
And from the ocean's deep domain  
Bade earth exalt her ample plain.

For from, &c.

He gave the sun and moon their light,  
To guide the day and rule the night ;  
He rang'd the stars from pole to pole,  
And taught the planets where to roll.

For from, &c.

He guards the faithful from their foes ;  
On all that breathe he food bestows :  
Thanks then to him from earth to heav'n  
In one united strain be giv'n.

For from, &c.

H Y M N XVI.

**H**OW blest are they, who always keep  
The pure and perfect way,  
Who never from the sacred paths  
Of God's commandments stray!

Thrice blest, who keep his righteous laws,  
And shun each wicked deed,  
And, by the guidance of his truth,  
With constant care proceed.

Tho' all the troubles of the world  
To compass me unite,  
Beset with dangers, let me make  
Thy precepts my delight.

Eternal and unerring rules  
Thy holy statutes give;  
Teach me thy wisdom, and my soul  
For evermore shall live!

G L O R I A P A T R I .

I.

*By Bishop KENN.*

**P**RAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

GLORIA PATRI.

II.

*From TATE and BRADY.*

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God, whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

G

GLORIA PATRI.

*From TATE and BRADY.*

III

BY angels in heav'n,  
Of ev'ry degree,  
And saints upon earth,  
All praise be address'd  
To God in three persons,  
One God ever blest ;  
As it has been, now is,  
And always shall be.

( 5<sup>t</sup> )

GLORIA PATRI.

IV.

By MERRICK.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,  
Be praise in loudest notes address'd;  
Such praise as from th' angelic choirs,  
And saints, whom zeal, like theirs, inspires,  
In heav'n above, and earth below,  
Still flows, and shall for ever flow.

GLORIA PATRI.

V.

By MERRICK.

**T**O Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,  
Be praise in heav'n and earth address'd;  
As was, and is, and yet shall be,  
When time its latest hour shall see.



*The PRAYER used at the MAGDALEN CHAPEL,  
before The General Thanksgiving\*.*

FATHER of mercies, and God of all comfort, who hast sent thy Son JESUS CHRIST into the world, *to seek and to save that which was lost*†; we praise thy holy name for the bountiful provision made in this place for the spiritual and temporal wants of miserable offenders; beseeching thee so to dispose our hearts, by the powerful influence of thy blessed spirit, that, through sincere repentance and a lively faith, we may obtain remission of our sins, and all the *precious promises*‡ of thy gospel. Awaken those, who have not yet a due sense of their guilt; and perfect a godly sorrow, where it is begun. Renew in us whatsoever hath been decayed by the fraud and malice of the devil, or by our own carnal will and frailty. Preserve us, *after escaping the pollutions of the world, from being again intangled therein*§; and keep us in a state of constant watchfulness and humility. Forgive, as we do from our hearts, those who have done us wrong; and grant to all, who have seduced others, or been seduced themselves into wickedness, that they may forsake the

\* This truly scriptural Prayer was received into the Public service of the CHAPEL, after having undergone the correction, and obtained the sanction of, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. SECKER, who was a liberal subscriber to the Charity while living, and, at his death, bequeathed to it a legacy of three hundred pounds.

† Luke xix. 10.

‡ 2 Pet. i. 4.

§ 2 Pet. ii. 20.

*evil, of their doings, and live. Make this house a blessing, we pray thee, to the souls and bodies of all its inhabitants, and a glorious monument of thy grace, abounding to the chief of sinners\*. Strengthen the hands; direct the counsels; reward the labours and the liberality of all who are engaged in the government or support of it; and increase the number of those, who have a zeal for thy glory, and compassion on the ignorant, and them that are out of the way†; that many may be turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto thee their God‡, through the merits and mediation of JESUS CHRIST our Lord. Amen.*

\* 1 Tim. i. 14, 15.    † Heb. v. 2.    ‡ Acts xxvi. 18.

**FINIS.**

# INDEX.

## PSALMS.

PSALM	PAGE
5 LORD, hearken to thy suppliants' voice,	3
8 Immortal King! thro' earth's wide frame	4
9 To celebrate thy praise, O Lord - - - -	5
19 The spacious firmament on high, - - - -	6
20 May he, whom heav'n and earth obey --	7
22 Ye, worshippers of Jacob's God, - - - -	8
23 The Lord my pasture shall prepare, - - -	9
25 To God, in whom I trust - - - - -	10
34 Thro' all the changing scenes of life, - -	11
39 To thee, great God, my knees I bend, -	12
41 Blest, who with gen'rous pity glows, - -	13
51 Have mercy, Lord, on me, - - - - -	14
57 O God, my heart is fix'd, is bent - - - -	15
66 Ye sons of men, in God rejoice; - - - -	16
86 To my complaint, O Lord, my God, -	17
90 Thee, Lord, their dwelling, thee alone,	18
95 O come, loud anthems let us sing, - - -	19
100 With one consent let all mankind - - -	20
103 My soul, throughout thine inmost frame,	21
104 Bless God, O my soul, rejoice in his name	22
107 To God above from all below - - - - -	23
119 To me, O Lord, thy grace restore, - - -	24
136 Raise your voice, and thankful sing - -	25
139 Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known	26
145 The Lord is just in all his ways, - - - -	27
146 I'll praise my Maker with my breath; -	28
149 O Praise ye the Lord, - - - - -	29
150 Praise, O praise the name divine: - - -	30

*HYMNS.*

HYMN	PAGE
1 Awake, my soul, and, with the sun, - - -	32
2 Glory to thee, my God, this night, - - -	33
3 When rising from the bed of death, - - -	34
4 When all thy mercies, O my God, - - -	35
5 Father of mercies, hear our pray'rs - - -	36
6 How many kindred souls are fled - - -	37
7 Jesus Christ is ris'n to day—Hallelujah -	38
8 Since that bless'd Spirit, by whose aid - -	39
9 Hark! the heav'nly angels sing - - -	40
10 Glory be to God our king! - - -	41
11 Grateful notes and numbers bring - - -	42
12 Rise, O my soul, the hours review, - - -	43
13 Almighty God, most merciful, - - -	44
14 O God of mercy! hear our pray'r, - - -	45
15 The bounty of Jehovah praise, - - -	46
16 How blest are they, who always keep - -	47

*GLORIA PATRI.*

1 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,	48
2 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, - - -	49
3 By angels in heav'n - - -	50
4 To Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd - - -	51
5 To Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd - - -	52

